



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

She threw, to form her bosom's globe,
Life's tender flush and Beauty's robe,
On wreaths of virgin snow.

Then Woman's lips in smiles withdrew
Their veils of rich carnation hue,
And pearls appeared beneath;
And blest Arabia seemed to pour
The perfumes of its spicy store,
To mingle with her breath.

Hark! hark, she speaks, and silver strains
Melodious floating o'er the plains,
A nameless joy impart!
The Nightingale hath caught the tone,
And made that melting voice his own,
That vibrates on the heart.

Fond Nature cast her glance around
The glowing sky, the flow'ry ground,
The day-diffusing sun;
On Woman last, her darling child,
She gazed; and said, with accent mild,
"Creation's work is done."

DELOURA.

The author of the following poem never cost her parents five shillings in her education. She taught herself at five years of age to read the Bible. Her genius is exceeded by her modesty, and she has withheld, even from her friends, productions which would have done honour to any pen. M.L.

COME, my Eliza,—the returning Spring
O'er earth's fair bosom spreads her dewy wing;
The flowers expand, gay verdure clothes the mead,
And music warbles through the thickening shade.
Come, and with me, at least in fancy, rove
O'er the brown mountain, through th' umbrageous grove,
Thro' winding vales, where streams innumerable play,
And woods whose shade exclude the solar ray.
Where'er we turn, new scenes of beauty rise,
In swift succession to our raptur'd eyes;
Mountain on mountain, in rich robes array'd,
The promised harvest and luxuriant mead.
O, for the muse, which in mellifluous strains,
Pourtray'd the beauties of thy native plains;

Charms more than nature gave her lines display,
My theme must sink beneath the drooping lay.

But, hark! what sound my listening ear invades!
Rolls not a torrent through yon darkening shades?

Yes, 'tis the stream in story famed so long,
And still the theme of many a rural song;
The mighty stream*, by thousand rivulets fed,

How rolls majestic o'er its rocky bed.
But when increas'd by fierce autumnal showers,

O'er the rough rock precipitant it pours,
While wild with rage it dashes either shore,
Th' woods rebellow to the torrent's roar.
There massy rocks, from their foundation's torn,

In shatter'd fragments by the flood are borne.
Here the tall oak, so long the mountain's pride,
Dash'd from its seat, is whelm'd beneath the tide;

No more opposing mounds its rage restrain,
It bursts the bank, and deluges the plain,
While the pale peasant from the mountain's brow,
Sees ruin rolling through the vales below.

Hither, Eliza, turn thy wondering eyes,
High o'er the flood see the cleft mountain rise;

Abrupt it rises!—should the mountain deer
Or wandering goat, plant their light footsteps here,

The turf, unfaithful to their weight, would go,
And bear them headlong to the gulf's below.

Sure 'twas the hand of desolation tore
Thee from thy seat, and placed thee on the shore,

* The river Delour rises amid the Queen's County mountains. On one side rises a hill of considerable height, which looks as if it had been cleft in two by some convulsion of nature, and one half thrown on the bank of the river, from the surface of which it rises almost perpendicular, but on the other side slopes off gradually. A grove on the summit shades the torrent below. This spot for ages bears the title of the Lover's Leap.

Nature's convulsive pangs alone could
 raise
 This mount—the wonder of succeeding
 days;
 High on the summit waves the nodding
 grove,
 Once the sad scene of a disastrous love.

There fell Deloura,—once a nymph di-
 vine,
 The last fair branch of an illustrious line:
 Her haughty sire the neighbouring re-
 gions sway'd,
 And youths unnumber'd woo'd the beau-
 teous maid.

One, only one, her tender thoughts im-
 prest,
 And rais'd soft wishes in the virgin's breast.
 He, not unworthy of unrivall'd charms,
 In arts illustrious, and renown'd in arms,
 Met all her passion—but, alas! in vain,
 For deadly feuds betwixt their houses
 reign.

By stealth they met, where yon tall pop-
 lers grow,
 High on the cliff, and shade the gulphs
 below.

And met, devoid of fear, for distant far
 They deem her sire pursues the sylvan war.
 Ah, wretched lover! Oh, unhappy maid!
 Even now he views thee from the dark-
 some shade.

Opprest and fainting with the noon-tide
 heat,

He sought for shelter in this dark retreat.
 Quick as thy accents meet his haughty ear,
 He rose—and rising, threw the vengeful
 spear.

Too truly aim'd!—her lover's breast re-
 ceives

The deadly point—it hurl'd him to the
 waves!

He sinks!—she saw!—unutterable care
 Transfir'd her soul with anguish and de-
 spair!

One dreadful moment motionless she stood,
 Then, fir'd by frenzy, rush'd into the
 flood!

Whelm'd by the waves, the raging tor-
 rent bore

The mangled lovers to the distant shore.

Where yon tall pines the arching rock o'er-
 shade,

Now low in earth, the hapless pair are
 laid.

Ill fated nymph!—yet not unknown to
 fame,

For still the river bears Deloura's name!

And still, 'tis said, the wandering shep-
 herd sees

Thy shadowy form amid the waving trees,
 Sees thee oncemore the rapid billows brave,
 And sink engulph'd in the surrounding
 wave.

Loud flash the waters, and the grove re-
 sounds

With shrieks of death, and agonizing
 sounds.

Homeward he flies—impatient to relate
 The wonderful vision, and thy hapless
 fate.

Such was the tale sage Eleonora told,
 To sooth my fancy in the days of old.
 Oft has she bid my infant eyes o'erflow,
 My heart to throb with sympathetic woe.
 Nor thou, my gentle friend, the tale re-
 fuse,

The last faint effort of a dying muse.
 Long, long bereft of all her pristine fire,
 In vain she tries to touch the tuneful lyre;
 And yet would Heaven one peaceful hour
 bestow,

One short reprieve—an interval from wo,
 One strain should yet arise, one grateful
 lay

Should mark with brightness her expiring
 day.

EUDOSIA.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

ACADEMICAL SOCIETY OF SCIENCES AT
 PARIS.

AT the September meeting, 1809,
 Mons. Nauche related some ex-
 periments he had made on the con-
 traction of the muscles in frogs.

These were intended to prove, that
 the contraction of the muscles may
 take place independently of the ner-
 vous influence, or the influx of the
 blood; the contrary to which has
 been asserted by Bichat and Prof.